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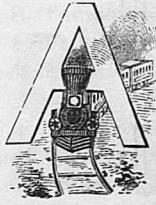
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## A GEOLOGIC FANCY.



ARE you wearied with business or politics? Does your head or your heartache? Would you be alone? Come! let us forget the world, with all its oppressive cares—let us mount into the rosy car of some airy dream, and away! up over the troubled earth let us sail, lightly as if some silken balloon of lightest texture and most delicious motion was bearing us to the "Isles of the Blest," the sunset and evening stars. What shall our dream be?—where shall we go? Do you want solitude, the most deep and unfathomable, in which you can forget that ever humanity existed in its happiness and pain? Well, let us float on then, over the ages—back—back beyond the history of the world as written, beyond the garden of Eden, far away into the carboniferous period, that day of the Lord, in which he created the grass of the field and the trees of the forest. Our car of dreams drops down slowly from its dizzy height, and we hover over a strange and wonderful land that we do not recognize as the same which is as familiar to our daily eyes as our own land. Nevertheless, this wild and terrible region is the very same where now our houses and our flower-gardens and our streets are placed. Terrible, we call it, and yet it is only terrible because so sublimely lonely, and because nature is marking out her vegetable problems upon so limitless a scale. This is, indeed, the reign of the vegetable kingdom. Do you see that mighty emerald ocean rising and falling beneath us, its waves rolling up into mountains, and sinking into fearful valleys? That is not a veritable sea, but a prairie—and a prairie of the carboniferous era, mocks the western plains that we are wont now-a-days to make our boast of. The grass arises in tall sheaves of a deep and vigorous green, that shame the loftiest of the pines which mark this dwindled age. Hark! the roaring of our oceans is nothing to the deep, strange moaning of those giant plumes, as the wind rushes through them and tosses them up and down into hills and vales. What a solemn, soft, and yet most mighty music! "See," you exclaim, "this is not perfect solitude, for there is a golden boat with a floating crimson banner, and full of people, tossing upon the grassy ocean!" Nay, that is a

gorgeous flower, whose golden petals ride lightly upon the wind, as its tall stem sways to and fro; the red banner is the stamen which it lifts out of its centre, and your people are the pistils which cluster around. Twenty children might sit in its yellow cup, and splash their feet in the honey-dew which gathers at its base.

You gaze, and grow silent, for wonder at the power of the All-Father is upon you.

Up—up—boat of our dream! or we shall be wrecked against this stupendous wall. This is the outer edge of a forest, whose trees arise hundreds of feet above even the waving grass of the prairie. As we float over it, we look down between the branches, and our eyes follow in awe and dismay the enormous trunk that shoots up interminable lengths before ever a branch or a leaf breaks the firm shaft.

Here then let us rest and dream. Our car is anchored upon the topmost leaf of a tree of the forest, and we, stretched cosily upon the swaying hammock, lie and gaze adown and around, our ears filled with a murmur as of ten thousand oceans, and our hearts filled with the majesty of the unfinished earth. Ah! would you like to be here in a storm? Could you bear the sound of a whirlwind sweeping through these branches, and the crash of timbers such as these surrounding us? The thought of it is enough to dismay even the heart of a poet craving a mighty excitement. Now the noonday stillness is creeping over prairie and forest—let us repose upon our leaf and give ourselves up to the influence of the scene.

ALL the best things of this world were not to be produced by any one age for itself alone; it was the duty of ages successive to be continually rolling a great white snowball, that should gather on the Alps of humanity larger and larger. Nearly every great race had produced at its central period some peculiar and precious character of art, unattainable by any other race at any other time; and the intention of Providence clearly was, that all should grow into one mighty temple, the rough stones and the smooth finding their proper places, and the whole rising day by day, in higher and richer pinnacles towards heaven.—*Ruskin.*

It is not sufficient for legislators to close the avenues to crime, unless they open those which lead to virtue.

## THE DESERT TENT.

## MESSIEURS EDITORS:

I send you a poem suggested by Poe's "HAUNTED PALACE," which was said to have been suggested by Longfellow's "BE-LEAGUERED CITY." PLAGIARIST.\*

A PALM tree in the desert  
Lifted its waving head,  
And beneath, in its friendly shadow  
A snow-white tent was spread.  
Close by the simple door-way  
Trickled the waters cool  
That dripped from the vernal grasses  
Into a quiet pool.

The rays of the burning sunlight  
Fell over all the land,  
The air ruled dull and heavy  
Above the scorching sand.  
But amid this desolation,  
Lovely and pure and calm  
The snow-white tent stood ever  
Beneath the shadowy palm.

In the day so fiercely glaring,  
Or the moonlit sultry night,  
Caravans worn and weary  
Spied it with strange delight.  
The stranger said, when he saw it,  
As peace fell on his breast,  
"May I have, when my toil is over,  
A place like this for rest."

The camels, hot and thirsty,  
Drank to their full content,  
While their masters sat in the shadow  
Of the cool and snow-white tent.  
And though nowhere else in the desert  
The voice of the wind was heard,  
The tremulous leaves of the palm tree  
Were ever with music stirred.

So that once a turbaned Howadji  
Said, with his hand on his heart:  
"The gates of the seventh heaven  
Some angel hath left apart."  
He had faith that the breezes blowing,  
So perfumed with unseen flowers, [tains  
Through the palm and the tent's white cur-  
Were blown from celestial bowers.

Never when day was drooping  
Shone forth eve's welcome star  
Brighter than over the desert  
That fair tent beamed afar.  
Yet lowly it was and simple,  
Pitched mid the barren waste,  
Shining out pure and untroubled  
With only its palm tree graced.

Alas! that the winds of the desert  
Arose in their sudden might,  
And the waves of the wild sand ocean  
Swept down on the tent at night!  
The feathery palm is buried,  
The fountain has met its doom,  
While drearily sandy surges  
Drift as if forming a tomb!

\* This is a very fine poem, and the author does herself injustice by her signature.—*Eds.*